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BLAISE CASTLE.

PROSPECTIVE POEM.



Price ONE SHILLING.

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PROSPECTIVE FORM

Price ONE SHILLING



# BLAISE CASTLE.

## A PROSPECTIVE POEM.

By the Rev. EDWARD <sup>KE</sup>DAVIES,  
Of *Winterbourn*, A. M.

Rector of *Portskewett* and *Sudbrook* in MONMOUTHSHIRE.

With  N O T E S,

Explaining such Expressions and historical References, as the  
AUTHOR supposes are not universally known.

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Published for the Benefit of the *Bristol Infirmary*.

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B R I S T O L :

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# BLAISE / CASTLE

## A PROSPECTIVE FORM

By the Rev. EDWARD DAVIES

Of Winton, A. M.

Region of the ... and ... in the ...



... and ... in the ...

Published for the Council of the British Museum

H. K. I. S. T. O. L.

Printed by ... in ...  
and by ... in ...





## P R E F A C E.

*THE Author after taking Notice of the beautiful Land Prospects from the Castle, endeavours to give his Readers a Description of the Course of the River SEVERN, from Kingroad to Gloucester-Bridge, at the Time of the coming in of the Spring Tides; with an Attempt to account for, and delineate that uncommon Phenomenon the Hygra, so called by William a Monk of Malmſbury Abbey, who wrote his Book De Geſtis Pontificum about the Year 1140, but now better known by the Name of the Severn Boare; with Episodes, and Digreſſions to enliven the Narration, and to render the Whole more inſtructive and entertaining to the Reader; with a Dedication to Doct<sup>r</sup> SKEET, the preſent Proprietor of the Caſtle.*

P R E F A C E

THE Author after taking Notice of the beautiful  
Land Prospects from the Castle, endeavours to  
give his Readers a Description of the Views of the  
River SEVERN, from Kingston to Gloucester-  
Bridge, at the Time of the evening in of the Spring  
Tides; with an Attempt to account for, and de-  
scribe, those singular appearances, the Hygie, so  
called by William a Monk of Malmsbury Abbey,  
who wrote his Book The Gesta Regum Anglorum  
the Year 1140, but now better known by the Name  
of the Severn Bores; with Epistles and  
Digressions to entertain the Reader and to  
render the whole more interesting and entertaining  
to the Reader: with a Dedication to Doctor  
SKELTON, the first Professor of the Law.



# DEDICATION.

TO DOCTOR SKEET.

S I R,

AS this Bantling was conceived on a Visit to you at *Blaise Castle*, I take the Liberty, after the old Grecian Custom, to lay it at your Feet, and should you discover any Thing promising in its Aspect, or any Features analogous to your own, I shall then hope to see you raise it from the Ground, and hear you in the Words of the Poet *Statius*, exclaim

*Meus ille Meus, tallure Cadentem.*

*Excepi!*

Having heard and seen such a paternal Reception given to my Progeny, I shall retire with Pleasure, leaving my Burden on the same paradisiacal Spot, where it received its first Rudiments of Existence; safe under the Patronage

tronage of a Gentleman, well-disposed to promote its Prosperity, and without whose uncommon Exertions and Familiarity, it had never made its Appearance in the Form of a poor mendicant Poem, begging and imploring, at this Season of universal Good-will and Festivity, the Assistance of the Healthy, the Wealthy and the Charitable, for the poor, miserable, and otherwise helpless Patients in the *Bristol Infirmary*; an Institution that reflects the highest Honour upon its Founders and Promoters, being professedly designed to restore Health to the Sick, to become, in the literal Sense of the Words, *Eyes to the Blind and Feet to the Lamé*. Wishing you many new Additions of Happiness, with the Renewal of the Year, as well as Success to this young, but I hope, not incorrigible Sturdy Beggar.

*I remain, SIR,*

*Your obedient humble Servant,*

The A U T H O R.

WINTERBOURN, Dec. 16, 1783.





# BLAISE CASTLE.

## A PROSPECTIVE POEM.

---

**F**ROM *Pisgah's* Top, by God's express Command,  
 The Prophet *Moses* view'd the promis'd Land,  
 Far distant thence, when *Judah's* Plains he saw,  
 And *Jordan's* Streams, his Soul was fill'd with Awe:  
*It is enough*—the aged Prophet cried!  
 And on the Mountain laid him down, and died.  
 Nearer by far from this exalted Ground,  
 Landscapes, as rich as *Judah's*, may be found,  
 The Hills, the Vales, the hanging Woods of \* *Gwent*,  
 Full to our View their chequer'd Scenes present.  
 O! how the Mind, this *Cambrian* Prospect fills  
 With vast Ideas, equal to her Hills,

B

Where

\* Monmouthshire.

Where Hills on Hills, in quick Succession, rise,  
 And hide their Cloud-cap'd Summits in the Skies.  
 From no one Spot on *Pisgah* can be seen,  
 Or loftier Hills, or Plains of brighter Green:  
 No Views can strike with greater Force the Eye,  
 Than those fair Scenes that round *Blaise Castle* lie;  
 Look here, look there, look every where around,  
 Look were you will—'tis all enchanted Ground.  
*Pan*, from his Throne, determin'd to retreat,  
 Found out this Spot, and here he fix'd his Seat,  
 Not all the Tears th' *Arcadian* Shepherds shed,  
 Can make him abdicate his \* Ebon Bed;  
 For round his Couch here Fauns and Dryads sing,  
 Praise in soft Notes the Shepherd, not the King;  
 Lull him to Rest, prepare his mental Ears,  
 To listen to the Musick of the Spheres.  
 Deep in the Fissure of the Rocks below,  
 Where stately Trees the Dingle overgrow,  
 There SKEET directs the Waters how to flow;

Till

\* There is set up in the Castle a Bedstead of Ebony, taken in a Spanish Ship by a Privateer belonging to Mr. FARR, who built the Castle, and is kept there as a Curiosity, as well as an honourable Memorial of Victory.



Till now unnotic'd, the rude Valley flood,  
 Horrid and dark, as *Orca's*, since the Flood,  
 When Heav'n in Torrents pour'd on Earth the Rain,  
 And strong Convulsions cleft the Rocks in twain:  
 Each Side the Dell the Counterparts appear,  
 Call'd now the Lover's Leap and ~~the~~ Chair.

Here sat in State the Giant of the Dale,  
 For so Tradition hands to us the Tale;  
 Old prattling Gossips may believe it true,  
 But that's no Proof to me, my Friend, nor you,  
 Such Legends now in *England* will not pass,  
 Where artful Popish Tales are turn'd to Grass.  
 With frequent Dams here SKEET the Stream restrains,  
 Which falling thence in murm'ring Notes complains,  
 Join'd to the plaintive cooing of the Dove,  
 It fans in youthful Breasts the Flames of Love;  
 And the same Notes, that raise impure Desires  
 In Youth, excite in Age seraphick Fires.  
 Here Contemplation sure would wish to dwell,  
 And here the World-sick Hermit fix his Cell;

Here Poets and Philosophers will find,  
 Each in his Way, Provision for the Mind.  
 O'er broken Rocks here rattles the Cascade,  
 Here hanging Woods afford a cooling Shade,  
 Here ev'ry Night the merry Fairies sing,  
 Led by *Queen Mab*, and *Oberon* their King;  
 Here Hand in Hand in Circles dance around,  
 And trip it to the falling Water's sound:  
 Protect this sacred Spot, drive Rogues away,  
 Till the Cock crow and usher in the Day;  
 Pinch fluttish Maids, reward the neat and good,  
 Then dive to Rest beneath the crystal Flood.  
 But should these gay ideal Beings fail  
 Against profane Night-Walkers to prevail,  
 Goblins and horrid Sprites shall scour the Dale,  
 With flaming Eyes, that glow with hellish Light,  
 BullsHorns, longTails, and EaglesClaws to fight,  
 These shall patrol the Woods and Walks by Night;  
 These shall the stoutest Robbers chase away,  
 Or seize and worry them like Beasts of Prey:

**Avant**



Avaunt then, Rogues, nor tread these walks, where dwell  
 At Night, such fierce vindictive Imps of Hell.  
 Here he, who playful Fancy never balks,  
 Adorns the Wilderness with Gravel Walks,  
 Leads you thro' Paths where Foxes us'd to stray,  
 And hide their Caitiff Heads from Face of Day;  
 Thro' the rough Dell now shady Walks are spread,  
 Fit for our Gracious King and Queen to tread,  
 Where, far remov'd from Sycophants, they may  
 Know what it is to spend one happy Day;  
 Like our first Parents, e'er the Tempter came,  
 First flatter'd, and then cover'd them with Shame.  
 Here *George*, divested of his Pomp may know,  
 That Crowns on Kings can't Happiness bestow,  
 But dwells in Grotts and Woods with Men below;  
 Find, what in Practice *now* he seems to own,  
 That \* Windsor Chairs are softer than the Throne.  
 Here unrestrain'd, unharrass'd, easy, free,  
 He may quaff down large Draughts of Liberty,  
 And

\* Alluding to the Use made of these Sort of Chairs in Walks, Alcoves and  
 Gardens, as well as to the judicious Preference of late given by the King to  
 Windsor Castle as the Place of his Summer Residence.

And having drank himself from Freedom's Cup,  
 He'll not refuse his Subjects each a Sup,  
 But henceforth Place, among his chief Delights,  
 The Care of guarding England's dear-bought Rights,  
 Here a Cold Bath invites the Weak to lave,  
 Plucks back the languid Patient from the Grave,  
 Recalls each flaccid Fibre to its Place,  
 And the lax human Fabrick helps to brace,  
 Above the Bath an airy Room we find,  
 To fresco in, when *Sirius* reigns, design'd,  
 Stretch'd at our Ease in this refreshing Grot,  
 We envy no Man his superior Lot,  
 In the Cold Bath below *SKEET* cools his Wine,  
 Which makes it, like *Jove's* Nectar, quite divine;  
 Cool and serene, we laugh and drink with Glee,  
 As happy are as mortal Men can be,  
 And here our Happiness would be compleat,  
 Could we for ever lengthen out the Treat:  
 But Time and Death, those Foes to worldly Joys,  
 Call out,—be gone from hence, unthinking Boys,

Look



Look higher up, adopt a nobler Plan,  
Here endless Joys were not design'd for Man.

Thus SKEET contrives, by various Ways, to please,  
Consults our Health, Amusement and our Ease.  
How must the Poet's Heart exult, when he  
From Chaos sprung such beauteous Scenes shall see;  
Where, at each winding of the Vale, arise  
Some new-discover'd Charms to greet his Eyes;  
Where, tho' he daily these fair Scenes review,  
He still discovers in them something new;  
Uncloy'd, unwearied, even to the last,  
His greedy Eye devours the rich Repast.  
He can't the Tribute of a Verse refuse  
To him, who rous'd to sing a sleeping Muse.

Thus active MORRIS toil'd on Banks of Wye,  
In vain from him did modest Nature fly,  
He found each Place where she obscurely lay,  
Conceal'd in Rocks and Caves from Light of Day;

He

He led her forth, of *Piercefield* made her Queen,  
 Where we her blooming Majesty have seen.  
 But Oh! how sudden fade all earthly Things,  
 Fly faster from us, than on Eagle's Wings;  
 The Pride, the boast of *Piercefield* now is dead,  
 For Nature thence, with brisk *Palemon* fled;  
 And the bright Sun that gilded once *Wye's* Shore,  
 Is set for ever, there to rise no more.  
 Each Neighbour now o'er *Piercefield* sheds a Tear,  
 Laments the sad Reverse of Fortune there,  
*Aëdon* like, too daring was the Plan,  
 Wood-Nymphs, Walks, Gardens hunted down the Man;  
 Tho' on the Rocks his strong Foundations lay,  
 His fostering Hand withdrawn, they fall away,  
 Like *Memphis*, and Great *Babylon* decay.

Six of the World's Sev'n Wonders now are gone;  
 For Time's keen Tooth eats Iron, Wood and Stone;  
 The Works of Man must perish soon or late,  
 'Tis Virtue only triumphs over Fate;

Secure



Secure in her Existence, Virtue stands,  
 And Time's destructive Mandates, countermands ;  
 She neither Earthquakes, nor Volcanos dreads,  
 But on *Calabrian* Ruins boldly treads ;  
 Beholds the angry Bolts of Jove descend,  
 And subterranean Fires in Flames ascend,  
 Sees all the Elements together hurl'd,  
 Views, undismay'd, the bursting of the World,  
 Her Mind, with heav'nly Consolations warm,  
 Smiles on the Wreck, and weathers out the Storm.  
 Above the fordid Views of worldly Pelf,  
 Virtue provides for others, not herself,  
 Aids the good patriot \* Prince to act his Part,  
 To feed the hungry, sooth the broken Heart,  
 The wretched Outcast from his Dwelling driv'n,  
 Feels, thro' his Care, the Providence of Heav'n.

C

The

\* See Sir *William Hamilton's* Account of a Visit to *Calabria* since the late dreadful Earthquakes there, where speaking of the Marquis *St. Giorgio*, he says—"I found him well employed in assisting his Tenants, This Prince's Activity and Generosity is most praise-worthy, and as far as I have seen hitherto, he is without a Rival."—Is not this modern *Italian* Prince, thus piously employed in preserving and protecting the Remains of his Subjects after a dreadful Calamity, better entitled to a civic Crown than the Dictators and Triumviri of ancient *Rome*, who like Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, destroy'd by thousands and ten thousands, their Relations, Friends, and Fellow Citizens ?

The helpless Poor reliev'd from their Distress  
 Shall Virtue's healing Hand for ever bless.  
 A Man, like this, is so divine a Sight  
 As God himself may look at with Delight.  
 O heavenly Virtue ! deign on me to shine,  
 And pitch thy Tent in this cold Breast of mine,  
 Then shall I well perform my mortal Part,  
 When thy warm Beams have thaw'd my frozen Heart,  
 By Nature prone to err, of *Eve* the Son,  
 After forbidden Fruit, like her, I run,  
 And, if not curb'd by thee, a *Wretch* undone.

But as the greatest Beauties soonest fade,  
 Small is th' Extent of this romantick Glade,  
 For in Majestic State, upon the Right,  
*King sweston's* tow'ring Hill obstructs the Sight,  
 Like a steep *Cambrian* Mountain, rais'd on high,  
 We nothing see beyond it,—but the Sky,  
 The Scene is awful, fills the Mind with Dread,  
 Where cragg'd Rocks hang hideous overhead.

Quiting



Quitting the Dell we heav'nward slowly creep,  
 And take, to ease the Hill, a winding Sweep,  
 Careful, and circumspect we cling, and crawl,  
 For certain Death awaits us, if we fall,  
 The fat and lazy ne'er would reach the Top,  
 Were there not Seats prepar'd for them to stop,  
 And breath, while they their reeking Foreheads mop.  
 But after various Perils, Stops and Pain,  
 With trembling Knees, we reach the Castle Plain,  
 And panting view the Horizon again.  
 With Joy from hence the *Severn* we behold,  
 Whose Sands, by Trade, transmuted are to Gold,  
 Unlike the *Thames*, no Boundaries she knows,  
 When strong, she rages, and when full, o'erflows ;  
 With a fierce Current, and a dreadful Roar,  
 Beats down the \* *Roman Camp* on *Sudbrook's* Shore,  
 Where erst *Rome's* brazen Eagles took their Stand,  
 When she victorious, curb'd with Camps, this Land ;

C 2

But

\* Near *Sudbrook's* Point stands the Remains of an oval Camp, fronting *Kingroad*, one Half is washed into the *Severn*, and the remaining Part, forms nearly a Semicircle, and is still in its ruinous State a beautiful Piece of Antiquity, and well worthy the Notice and Observation of the Curious.——  
 N. B. It stands only Half a Mile from the *New-Passage House*.

But *Severn* now reverses *Britain's* Doom,  
 And forces, in her Turn, the *Camp of Rome*.  
 What can withstand her Force, elude her Shock,  
 Whose Waves can batter down the solid Rock?  
 Between the fallen Rocks the Waves rebound,  
 Bellow, and flashing undermine the Ground,  
 The Sea's white Spray the violent Motion lifts,  
 And drives, like Rain, far over *Sudbrook's* Cliffs.  
 Swift, thro' the \* Shoots, as Lightning, see her pass,  
 Spread her mad Waves and the *New Passage* wash,  
 And against *Charston's* rocky Island dash,  
*Charston* repels the Waves, which breaking roar,  
 Boil up, and foaming whiten all the Shore;  
 The Waves soon rally, re-attack the Stones,  
 Till *Severn* from her inmost Caverns groans;  
 Thus do the jarring Elements contend,  
 Till Tide of Ebb the furious Conflict end.  
 Thence over *Mather's* Oars the Billows beat,  
 Where stands a Bishop's venerable Seat,

But,  
 † A narrow Passage in the Middle of the Channel, thro' which all the  
 Water of the *Severn* runs at low Water, but is entirely cover'd at high Water.



But, long forsaken, the old Palace falls,  
 And on its absent Bishop loudly calls,  
 To save from Ruin King \* *Theodorick's Walls*.  
 To *Landaff's* Primate he this Manor gave,  
 And nought retain'd, save his own Length of Grave;  
 Dying, he bade his Son with Care fulfil,  
 And execute the Purport of his Will;  
 The pious Son the kind Behest obey'd,  
 And built a Palace where his Bones were laid.  
 From these old Walls, still awful in Decay,  
 Weeping, I turn, in Haste, my Eyes away,  
 Where now instead of pure Religion's Light,  
 Thick Darkness dwells, and filthy Birds of Night.

To smoothe my Brow, and dry the gushing Tear;  
 I'll visit my Friend *Lewis* of *St. Peer*,  
 Whose good old hospitable House stands near;  
 There

\* *Theodorick* was King of *Glamorgan*, which then comprehended *Monmouth-shire*, and was mortally wounded in a Battle with the *Saxons*, then Pagans, at *Tintern* now *Abbey-Tintern*, and died of his Wounds where *Mathern Church* and Palace now stand; was esteem'd a Martyr and gave the Manor of *Mathern* to the Bishops of *Landaff* for ever, and was buried there Anno 560. For a fuller Account of this Matter consult Bishop *Godwin*, *de Præfulibus Angliæ*, Page 593, published by Dr. *Richardson*, Master of *Emman. Col. Cambridge*, 1743.

There I'll assuage my Grief, beguile my Time,  
 With a kind hearty Welcome and a Rhyme.  
 O! how my Heart exults, with Love sincere,  
 At Sight of hospitable *Monmouthshire*,  
 Where many a happy Year, when young, I spent,  
 Carefs'd, carelling, chearful and content ;  
 There Plenty reign'd, wide open stood each Gate,  
 Without the surly Pomp that waits on State ;  
 There the rich Man Distinction laid aside,  
 Consign'd to courtly Lords the Frowns of Pride,  
 Who, tho' above his Neighbours, rais'd by far,  
 His Condescension plac'd them on a Par.  
 Would the wild SEVERN cease to rage and roar,  
 I'd often visit her beloved Shore,  
 But she, like Quicksilver, averse to Rest,  
 Keeps always rolling either East or West,  
 Just as the Moon, whose Impulse rules the Tide,  
 Moves, does she move, and varies with her Guide,  
 For as the Moon contracts, or spreads her Face,  
 The sympathetic Tide with her keeps Pace.

At



At full and change we see the Severn rise,  
 Feel the Moon's Weight, tho' pendent in the Skies,  
 Obey, unconscious, Nature's settled Laws,  
 Nor ask the Reason why, or what the Cause ?  
 Restless and always shifting Place and Form,  
 Rolls, roars, and rages, is herself a Storm ;  
 So that I never shall, alas ! alas !  
 From *Chiffel-Pill*, to black *St. Andrew* pass.

In *Aust*'s contracted Passage next the Tide  
 Rolls and reverberates from Side to Side,  
 Reels to and fro, like Sots, who cannot stand,  
 And roaring staggers over *Beachly* Strand.  
 Saint *Treacle*'s Chapel, founded on a Rock,  
 Could not withstand her oft' repeated Shock,  
 In Ruins now we see the Chapel lie,  
 Where wide-mouth'd *Severn* swallows \* *Sister Wye*,

Sprung

\* The *Severn* and *Wye* both proceed from *Plintlimmon* Hills, but rise on different Sides of the Mountain. *Severn* runs through *Montgomeryshire*, *Shropshire*, *Worcestershire*, and *Glocestershire*. The *Wye* through *Radnorshire*, *Breconshire*, *Herefordshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and joins the *Severn* below *Chepstow* under *St. Treacle*'s Chapel at *Beachly*.

Sprung from one Bed, in distant Channels run,  
 But here embracing Ebb to Sea in one.  
 In vain the *Beachly* Rocks themselves oppose,  
 She levels all Obstructions as she goes,  
 Not *Alwington's* nor *Lidney's* Grounds can stay,  
 Or check the furious River on her Way,  
 For the *wild Boare* will not be kept at bay.  
 Her whirling Eddies suck and shift the Sand,  
 What's Water now, To-morrow may be Land :  
 From *Pyrtou* passing to the Forest Side,  
 Full many a Wretch, in flying from the Tide,  
 Has in the treach'rous Quicksands sunk and died.  
 Sands such as these, infest the *Lybian* Shore,  
 By Sailors *Syrtes* call'd in Days of yore.  
 But should you scape the Perils of the Sand,  
 And on the *Lidney* Side in Safety land,  
 Step up to *Lidney* Park, with *BATHURST* dine,  
 He'll give you hunted Venison and old Wine,  
 And when no longer you can cram and eat,  
 With rich concocting \* *Styre* he'll crown the Treat.

And

\* A curious high-flavoured Cyder, peculiar to the Forest of *Dean*, preferred by Strangers to Wine, and of late Years, owing to the great Demand for it, full as dear.



Wary must be the Man, or strong his Head,  
 Who here without a Prop can mount to Bed,  
 The jolly Forrester, a Plentiful Branch,  
 Dreads worse than Death a Vacuum of Paunch.

To Berkeley next the Severn rolls her Flood,  
 Where still are seen the Stains of Royal Blood,  
 Two Tyrants there at once the Castle saw,  
 A King and River above Bounds and Law,  
 But soon the Castle of the one got rid,  
 (And may all Tyrants perish as he did !)  
 But still the River rages, and will rage,  
 She'll not be dam'd, like Edward, in a Cage,  
 A British River, Severn will be free,  
 Down from her Source, *Plintlimmon*, to the Sea,  
 To wear coercive Fetters she disdains,  
 Laughs at mad *Xerxes* with his Whips and Chains.

From hence, contracting her extended Shores,  
 With Speed redoubled, Severn runs and roars,  
 The struggling Waves the narrow Channel stop,  
 And mount like *Pelion* upon *Offa's* Top,  
 Waves pil'd on Waves, erect their Heads so high,  
 We fear they'll deluge Earth, and dash against the Sky.

For all Resistance grown at last too strong,  
 This vast obstructed Body rolls along,  
 At every Turn we plainly see it grow,  
 Like Balls, when rustick Swains revolve the Snow.  
 Strangers transfix'd with Horror and Surprize,  
 Think they behold Leviathan arise  
 Out of the Deep, and flounce before their Eyes.  
 The Boat that now shall tempt this furious Wave,  
 Will in her Bowels find a certain Grave,  
 Unless with steady Hand, the pointed Prow,  
 The Pilot guide direct to meet the Blow,  
 For should the Surge run full against the Side,  
 Ingulf'd are Ship and Cargo in the Tide.

From *Newnham's Knob*, \* that overlooks the Shore,  
 We see and hear the † *Hygra* swell and roar,  
 So call'd by *Malmſbry's Monk*, but now the Boare

Like

\* An Eminence in the Town of *Newnham*, that commands the River, and is so called by the Inhabitants.

† *William* a Monk of *Malmſbury* Abbey, who wrote in the Year 1140, was the first that gave this Name to this uncommon Phenomenon, peculiar to the River *Severn*. The Account he has given us of the *Severn*, even at this Distance of Time, is an accurate and a true one, and the *Hygra*, as he has described it, retains the same irresistible Violence as it did in his Time. He drew his Picture from the Life, and was certainly an Eye-witness of the Account he has given us.



Like a vast Rattlesnake she passes by,  
 Rolls o'er the Sands, with Crest erected high,  
 Noise in her Tail, and Terror in her Eye;  
 With a swift Motion, and resistless Force,  
 To *Westbury* she bends her winding Course,  
 Thence passing *Fromelade*, she roars aloud,  
 And greets the New Canal that leads to *Stroud*;  
 That Town to *Severn* nearly thus ally'd,  
 With Wine and Fire, by Water is supply'd,  
 Sees Joy and Gladness flow with every Tide.  
 At *Glocester Bridge* her run the *Hydra* ends,  
 And her last dying Struggles faintly spends,  
 Just like a Stone fast rolling down a Hill,  
 The Impulse ceasing on the Plain stands still.

Should you at *Newnham* ever Chance to bait,  
 While for a Passage you are forc'd to wait,  
 Let hunted Forest Ven'son be your Food,  
 If you can get it, there you'll find it good,  
 Your Drink, old *Woodcock Cyder* rich and fine,  
 Thus better than *Aeneas* shall you dine,  
 For *Woodcock Cyder* beats \* *Sicilian Wine*.

D 2

Then

\* Vid. Virg. *Aeneid*. Lib. 1. V. 200.

Then as to Forest Venison, what a Treat  
 Even Kings may stroke their Bellies when they eat.  
 The Fame of this brought *Claudius Caesar* here,  
 To gorge our Oysters and our Forest Deer,  
 But waxing fat by feeding here so high,  
 Was crown'd King Hog in Epicurus Sty:  
 Built \* *Glocester City*, as Historians say,  
 That he might dine on Venison every Day:  
 And had he there remain'd, on Venison fed,  
 His Wife's stew'd Mushrooms had not snap'd his Thread:  
 Rome shed no Tears for such a worthless Life,  
 Detesting both the Glutton and his Wife:  
 But savage *Nero*, † *Agrippina* flew,  
 And made her pay the Debt to *Claudius* due.  
 Ill-fated *Rome*! where Tyrants such as these,  
 More fatal prov'd, than Famine or Disease,  
 In vain the vanquish'd World obey'd her Nod,  
 Herself condemn'd to kiss a Tyrant's Rod.

From

\* *Jeffrey of Monmouth*, says, this City was built by *Claudius*, upon the Spot where his Daughter *Genuffa* was married to *Arviragus* King of Britain, and was called after him *Kaerglou*, and *Claudia*: He likewise says, *Arviragus* was buried there in a Temple he had built and dedicated to the Honour of *Claudius*.

† *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Emperor *Nero*, by a former Husband, and amongst the rest of his unnatural Cruelties, this Monster put his own Mother to Death.



From frequent Trials I can safely swear,  
 To the whole Truth of my good Bill of Fare,  
 But should you doubt my Word, consult the \* Bear.

Yet the bold Merchant, Cent. per Cent. in View,  
 In Spite of *Hygra*, Commerce dares pursue,  
 Not all the roaring Monsters of the Main,  
 Can quench in him the ardent Thirst of Gain;  
 Around the Globe his Ships and Sailors roam,  
 And Bee-like, bring its best Productions home.  
 From *Ophir* Gold, for *India* Spice he brings,  
 And precious Stones to grace the Brows of Kings.  
 Thus are the rich with Gems and Pearls supply'd,  
 While Industry finds full Employ from Pride,  
 'Tis Pride supports the Sail, the Plough, the Spade,  
 For Prodigality's the Soul of Trade:  
 Men's craving Passions endless Wants create,  
 Even Beggars now, with dirty Pride elate,  
 Drink Tea, take Snuff, in Rags, affecting State,  
 Discordant Appetites in them reside,  
 Like Mules, begot on Poverty by Pride.  
 If Men would frugal Nature's Laws obey,  
 Pride would grow meek, and Beggary decay.

Our

\* The Passage House.

Our endless Wants from Pride alone proceed,  
 For Men, who Nothing want,—are rich indeed.

'Tis Pride and Lust of Trade makes Nations jar,  
 And keeps the World eternally at War,  
 Short Intermissions sometimes intervene,  
 Just now a Peace concludes the bloody Scene,  
 But when th' exhausted States their Strength regain,  
 The Dogs of War break loose, and fight again.  
 Ambition knows no Bounds, but grasps the Whole,  
 Like Ammon's Son, would rule from Pole to Pole;  
 Will bear no Royal Rival near his Throne,  
 But universal Monarch reign alone:  
 Then the vast Trade of this terraqueous Ball,  
 Each Nation wishes to engross it all,  
 And what for *Good* intended was by Fate,  
 Man makes the Cause of Enmity and Hate;  
 Whereas, if Nations acted on the Square,  
 Each would enjoy its own peculiar Share,  
 Our bloody Competitions then would cease,  
 And both the *Indies* Taste the Sweets of Peace;  
*Europe* no more, beneath the Mask of Trade,  
 With Fire and Sword would *India's* Plains invade,  
 Shrink



Shrink at the horrid Thought—that lawless Might  
 Should trample on, and triumph over Right.  
 Illicit Commerce she'd no more pursue,  
 But pay the great *Mogul* his Customs due,  
*Dutch, English, French*, the Laws of Trade obey,  
 Barter their Wares, the Balance duly pay,  
 Nor claim, on *Ganges* Banks, Imperial Sway. }  
 But should they Shameless, dead to Justice grown,  
 Resume to govern Kingdoms, *not their own*,  
 With Rods of Iron rule a foreign Land,  
 Murder and rob the Natives, Sword in Hand ;  
 Their Gold and Jewels seize as legal Prey,  
 Kill all who dare their Mandates disobey ;  
 Vengeance belongs to Heav'n,—Behold ! and see  
 O'er the rich Spoils the Tyrants disagree,  
 See them consult the Bear-Skin to divide !  
 Each claims a Right to Portion out the Hide ;  
*Dutch, English, French* esteem their Shares too small,  
 Nor wonder, for each wishes for it all ;  
 Words bring on Blows, Wounds to hard Blows succeed,  
 And *India* smiles to see her Butchers bleed.  
 Thus does the bloody Plunder of the East,  
 Peace-killing Daggers plant in every Breast,

Like

Like Moth and Rust corrode each Nabob's Store,  
 Death, Hell and Conscience thund'ring at his Door;  
 He here on Earth no Happiness can find,  
 Relax'd his Body, and disturb'd his Mind,  
 Starts at the shaking of a feeble Rush,  
 Sees murder'd *Indians* grin in every Bush,  
 Starves in the midst of his ill-gotten Store,  
 And is, tho' rich as *Cresus*, truly poor,  
 Who would grow rich on such hard Terms as these?  
 None, but the *damn'd themselves*, who spurn at Ease;

Patience exhausted now, cries out—'tis Time  
 To close this Scene of Rhapsody and Rhyme,  
 True, Madam Patience, but I first must tell,  
 How and wherein, *BLAISE Pisgah* does excel.  
 From *Pisgah's* Top the dying Prophet fled,  
 Exchang'd it for the Mansions of the Dead;  
 But we at *Blaise* for ever wish to stay,  
 And keep with *SKEET* eternal Holiday;  
 Where the surrounding Objects all unite,  
 To render *Blaise* a Garden of Delight,  
*Eden* regain'd, but from Temptations free,  
 No Serpent there, nor one forbidden Tree.



